

# Good Morning 462

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

W. H. Millier entertains at "The Jolly Roger"

## GHOST HORSES —DEAD CERTS



### Irene tries First-aid Tel. Alan Doran

I ACCIDENTALLY trod on nurse (where she'll get more practice with bandages!) or at your home in Chaucer Grove, Acocks Green, Telegraphist Alan Doran. Like a flash he had me by the leg.

Poor Irene and Ronald were terribly upset. Irene bandaged me up, and it's healed now.

Irene and Ronald were showing me their tent in the garden when the accident happened. Your mother was on A.R.P. duty, transporting wounded soldiers and buzz-bomb evacuees from London, which is her new job.

Irene hopes to sit for her exam. next May, and if she passes she will either go into a hospital as a probationer

or into a nursery. She is doing plenty of dancing nowadays.

Ronald was starting work in a few days. Your young lady was down home, and Irene is now writing to a sailor in Africa. Cyril and Tony wish to be remembered to you.

Your family have had a few days' holiday at Aunt Sarah's, where Uncle Tom was home on leave.

Your services are required at home at the earliest possible date. The garden is overrun with weeds, and the family say you're the only one who knows anything about gardening.

BOOKMAKERS have a fairly watertight system nowadays to protect themselves from fraud by quick-witted, unscrupulous punters. Every now and again some new ruse is given a run, but usually the bookmakers can clamp down on it before their bank balances are unduly affected.

That it was not always so was made apparent by our old friend Bernard Binks, who was in lively mood the other evening, when he entertained the cronies at the "Jolly Roger" with some reminiscences that bore directly on this problem.

THE guv'nor had been talking about some of the shady tricks that were pulled off at a number of the small flapping meetings throughout the country, and mentioned how these unlicensed race meetings used to thrive in many parts of Devonshire, especially during the holiday season, when mugs with money to burn were plentiful.

"There is nothing like the number of flapping meetings now," said Bernard, "and I don't think we need shed any tears on that account. They were gradually dwindling before greyhound racing came in, and when that sport became popular many more nails were knocked in their coffins. Some of the tricks at these meetings made you wonder how on earth anyone could fail to tumble to them, but they rarely failed to catch the mugs.

"One of the neatest frauds I ever heard of was in connection with one of the Devonshire meetings. I think we ought to refer to this as the ghost race meeting."

"Why a ghost meeting?" asked Nat.

"Because it wasn't real. I had better give you the story right from the start. It was nothing more than a barefaced attempt to swindle a number of starting-price bookmakers. The cool cheek of the whole business makes one admire the perpetrators for their nerve.

"This little plot was worked out in a pub in Fleet Street. It was during the close season for flat racing, when there was

very little in the jumping line for the racing reporters to earn their keep and the necessary liquid nourishment which seemed so indispensable to the following of this calling. I think there were five or six of them in the swindle, and they mapped it all out with the greatest care.

"The idea was to pick on a day when there was no race meeting under National Hunt rules. It was on such days that the sporting papers—and there were more of them in those days—welcomed one or two reports of even the smallest of flapping meetings.

"You know the sort I mean, meetings that never appeared in the Racing Calendar or under any of the recognised fixtures. Well, our conspirators hit upon the plan of inventing a race meeting. They drew up a series of imaginary races, and provided the runners with names that in the light of subsequent events showed that the blighters were not lacking a sense of humour."

"But how could they benefit themselves by just inventing races?" asked Nat. "Surely they wouldn't go to all this trouble just to draw the small amount they would get for a published report of the proceedings?"

"You've got hold of the wrong end," said Bernard. "The amount they would draw for the report wouldn't pay for their drinks for the day. They were after bigger game. As they were providing their own imaginary meeting, they could

also provide their own winners. They were betting on stone-blind certainties. Winners before they went to the post, simply because they weren't going to any post."

"Are you going to tell me, put in the guv'nor, 'that bookmakers would fall for that sort of thing?'"

"I don't say they would fall for it nowadays," explained Bernard, "but bear in mind that the affair I am telling you about happened a long time ago, and at a period when bookmakers would accept starting-price bets on flapping meetings. Just as the sporting papers welcomed these tin-pot meetings when there was nothing else, so the bookmakers welcomed them as something to bring in a little cash to the coffers when they would otherwise draw blank."

"Anyhow, the lads I am telling you about knew that they could place their bets without difficulty. Accordingly, they drew up the programme of this series of ghost races and they named it the Trodimore meeting. One of them went to a little village in Devonshire on the day fixed, and in the late afternoon sent off two telegrams with the report of the Trodimore meeting.

"In the meantime the other fellows were busy placing the bets. They were clever in not planking down a big lump with one bookmaker, which might have aroused suspicion."

"Instead, they had as many small bets with as many bookmakers as they could find. In due course the reports of the Trodimore meeting appeared in the two leading sporting papers—'The Sportsman' and 'The Sporting Life.' So far, so good. But here Nemesis stepped in. Never did I have occasion to relish those lines of Bobby Burns, 'The best-laid plans of

mice and men gang off agley,' so heartily as in this instance."

"And how did they come unstuck?" asked the guv'nor. "Not by any error on their part," answered Bernard. "It was either the ancient virgin who presided at the village post office or the compositor who set up the copy. Call it a printer's error. They get blamed for mistakes, whether they make them or not."

"You see, in what was supposed to be the principal race of the day at this imaginary Trodimore meeting the 'Sporting Life' had returned the price as 5 to 1, and 'The Sportsman' had the same winner at 8 to 1. You can easily see how a badly written 5 could be misread as a figure 8."

"Typewriting was not in vogue in the Post Office telegraphs at that time. One of the bookmakers, who had become interested in the Trodimore meeting, merely because he was estimating how much he would have to pay out, noticed the discrepancy. He telephoned to 'The Sportsman' to ask why they had returned the horse at 8 to 1, and they promised to make enquiries and to ring him back when they knew."

"And that is how the fat fell into the fire, I suppose?" said the guv'nor.

"You bet it was," answered Bernard. "The Editor tried to get in touch with the reporter who sent the wire, and, as you may expect, failed. He then made enquiries in other quarters, with the result that it stood revealed that the Trodimore meeting was a pure invention. Still, it nearly came off."

"If it had not been for that small error in the starting price the bookmakers would have paid out and would never have known how they had been swindled. If that little plot had gone undiscovered, you can bet your last shilling that Trodimore would have become an annual event. It might even have been handed down as a kind of heirloom."

"It was certainly a neat idea," said the guv'nor, "and, I am tempted to add, deserving of a better fate. You see, bookmakers are regarded as legitimate game, because if there is any funny business afoot the chances are that they know all about it and are able to cash in on it. Betting nearly always takes place under catch-as-catch-can rules."

"I think we had better change the subject," said Bernard while ordering a round of drinks.

"You're not getting cold feet, are you?" asked Nat. "What about telling us a few of the swindles worked on the poor punters by the gentlemen who shout the odds?"

"I never give away trade secrets," answered Bernard, "but I'll say that the guv'nor isn't far wrong when he says that the bookmaker is regarded as fair game. That's just the point. He stands up to be shot at by any crook who cares to try his hand. Do you blame the bookmaker for taking every precaution to protect himself?"

## £2 Million—Yours for Taking

CAPT. G. C. CATTO, the writer of this article says: Twenty-five bars of solid gold are lying only 132 feet down at the bottom of the Atlantic. And there's a sunken galleon treasure worth £2,000,000. It's yours for the raising.

THERE'S still plenty of money to be found in the world if you'll only take the trouble to go out and get it. But you may have to go down fifty fathoms...

When Sir Francis Drake, in his "Golden Hind," captured the buñon-laden galleon *Cocafuego*, the loot he secured was so great that the brave little "Hind" couldn't carry it all. For safety, as rough weather was coming up, Drake gave orders that many loads of silver, pieces of eight, plate and ingots, should be thrown overboard—a treasure probably worth £2,000,000.

At this time the "Hind" was just off the coast of Peru, and the exact spot is marked to-day on charts in the basement store-room of the Admiralty.

A few years later, Sharp, another old British sea-dog, called at one of the islands off the Peruvian coast to revictual his ships. He spent a few days fishing off the coast, and brought up so many gold coins that the island was afterwards called "Plate" Island, in commemoration of Drake's jettisoned treasure.

And not many miles from the same place there lie at the bottom of the sea the decaying

remains of a ship which was carrying about five million pieces of eight, the contribution of Peruvian Catholics to the war chest of King Charles the Fifth.

Several amateur attempts have been made to raise both these treasures. Just before the war a German-controlled Brazilian firm was prepared to put up £7,000 to hire deep-sea diving equipment from Siebe-Gormans in order to search the bottom of the ocean.

German marine experts turned up old charts to estimate what sort of rough tides might have buried the treasure jettisoned by Drake, and it was calculated that without the use of a series of three submerged decompression chambers the task of salvaging the treasure might not be worth while.

There are deep waters around those coasts, and the main trouble is that at about 200 feet down the ascent of the diver has to be very slow indeed, lest he suffer from the dreaded "bends," a sickness caused by sudden change of water-pressure.

Up to 33 feet a diver may descend as rapidly as he pleases, but at 204 feet the ascent lasts longer than the useful working period spent

on the ocean bottom. Thus, to search even for ten minutes for sunken treasure at 34 fathoms a diver has to spend another 32 minutes in coming up his shot-rope by easy stages. If he stays half an hour on the bottom his ascent takes an hour.

Experts believe that we shall, after the war, be diving nude for much of the treasure trove that can be recovered. British and U.S. divers have been trained to use face-masks only at quite considerable depths, and the cumbersome old diving kit may be dispensed with for certain jobs.

It may be possible to dive nude, wearing only an oxygen face-mask, to search for some of the most valuable sunken treasure in the world, which is actually at the bottom of a vast inland lake, two miles above sea-level.

This Lake Titicaca is really a sea upon land, right up in the clouds. It is the birthplace of Manco-Kopok, the first Inca, and his sister-wife, Mama-Acclo, founders of the famous Inca Empire.

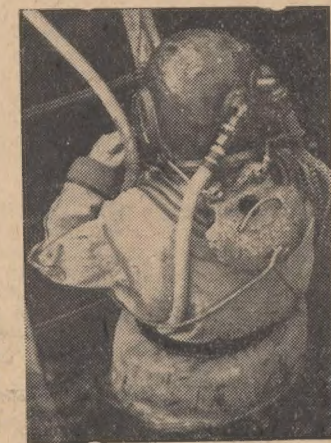
In a later generation the Spanish traveller Pizarro invaded the Inca country and looted the sacred temples, carting away treasure estimated

at some £13,000,000. Inca experts, who have spent their lives investigating the glories of the bygone empire, say that the treasure stolen by Pizarro is only a fraction of the total, and that beneath Lake Titicaca are said to lie treasures beyond the dreams of avarice.

After the war it would be ironically humorous if a British diving expedition were successful in finding yet another strange sunken treasure—£1,800,000 worth of German gold sent to the bottom of the ocean by a U-boat!

Great mystery surrounds the "Tubantia," a 14,000-ton Dutch liner that is reputed to have contained the German gold. The "Tubantia" left Amsterdam on a wild night in March, 1916, with eighty passengers, a crew of 280, and a large cargo of Dutch cheese, bound for Buenos Aires. Espionage agents reported that inside the cargo of cheese, about which there was great mystery, Krupp officials had concealed £1,800,000 in gold.

At dawn the wake of a torpedo was seen by officers on the watch. There was a shattering explosion, and within a couple of hours the "Tubantia" was lying at the bottom



in about twenty fathoms, and only about thirty miles from the coast. The storm had abated, and all on board were able to take to the boats, and were rescued unharmed.

Germany instantly denied sinking the vessel, and produced "proof" that a British submarine had sunk her. But when an attempt was made, on April 22, to salvage the "Tubantia," bits of German-made torpedo were found in the broken hull.

At present what is left of the "Tubantia" lies in a heavily mined area; when peace comes there's a fairly easy target for anybody who wants to go treasure-hunting. It is just twenty fathoms down, and still probably about thirty miles from the coast.

Cost of salvaging may be anything from £1,500 to £15,000. But the possible reward may be £1,800,000 in bar gold. Would you take the risk?

Your letters are welcome! Write to  
"Good Morning"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1



# Forty Nights with Forty LOVELIES

MY name said he is Agib; and I am the son of a king, called Cassib. After his death, I took possession of his dominions, and the first thing I did was to visit the provinces; I afterwards began to fit out and man my whole fleet, and went to my islands to gain the hearts of my subjects by my presence, and to confirm them in their loyalty. These voyages giving me some taste for navigation, I took so much pleasure in it, that I resolved to make some discoveries beyond my islands: to which end I caused ten ships to be fitted out, embarked on board them, and set sail.

Our voyage was very successful for forty days together, but on the forty-first night the wind became contrary, and withal so boisterous, that we were like to have been lost in the storm. About break of day, the wind grew calm, and the clouds were dispersed. After ten days more sailing, a seaman was sent to look out for land from the main-mast head. He gave notice, that on starboard and larboard he could see nothing but the sky and the sea, which bounded the horizon; but just before us, upon the stem, he saw a great blackness.

The pilot changed colour at this relation; and throwing his turban on the deck with one hand, and beating his breast with the other, cried, O, sir, we are all lost; not one of us will escape; and with all my skill, it is not in my power to prevent it. I asked him what reason he had thus to despair.

He told me, The tempest which we have outlived, has brought us so far out of our course, that to-morrow about noon we shall come near to that black place, which is nothing else but the black mountain, that is a mine of adamant, and when we come to-morrow at a certain distance, the strength of the adamant will have such a force, that all the nails will be drawn out of the sides and bottoms of the ships, and fastened to the mountain, so that your vessels will fall to pieces and sink to the bottom.

This mountain, continued the pilot, is very rugged; on the top of it there is a dome of fine brass supported by pillars of the same, and upon the top of that dome, there stands a horse of the same metal, with a rider on his back, who has a plate of lead fixed to his breast, upon which some talis-

manic characters are engraven. The tradition is, that this statue is the chief cause that so many ships and men have been lost and sunk in this place; and that it will ever continue to be fatal to all that have the misfortune to come near it, until such time as it shall be thrown down.

The next morning we perceived the black mountain very plain, and the idea we had conceived of it made it appear more frightful than it was. About noon all the sails and iron about the ships flew towards the mountain, where they fixed, by the violence of the attraction, with a horrible noise: the ships split asunder and sunk into the sea, which was so deep about that place, that we could not sound it. All my people were drowned; but God had mercy on me, and permitted me to save myself by means of a plank. My good fortune brought me to a landing-place where there were steps that went up to the top of the mountain.

I reached a castle in half a day's journey; and I must say, that I found it surpassed the description they had given me of it. The gate being open, I entered into a court that was square, and so large, that there were round it ninety-nine gates of wood of sanders and aloes, with one of gold, without counting those of several magnificent staircases that led up to apartments above, besides many more I could not see.

I saw a door standing open just before me, through which I entered into a large hall, where I found forty young ladies of such perfect beauty, that imagination could not go beyond it: they were all most sumptuously apparelled; and as soon as they saw me, rose up, and without expecting my compliments, said to me, with demonstrations of joy, Noble sir, you are very welcome.

One spoke to me in the name of the rest, thus: We have been in expectation a long while of such a gentleman as you: your mien assures us that you are master of all the good qualities we could wish for; and we hope you will not find our company disagreeable or unworthy of yours.

They forced me, notwithstanding all the opposition I could make, to sit down on a seat that was higher than theirs; and though I signified that I was uneasy, That is your place, said they; you are at present our Lord, Master and Judge and we are your slaves, ready to obey your commands.

After entertaining me in the most sumptuous manner, they desired an account of my travels. I gave them a full relation of my adventures, which lasted till night came on, when supper was brought in; and after supper, music and dancing was kept up till it was past midnight.

At length one of the ladies says to me, You are doubtless wearied by the journey you have made to-day; it is time for you to go to rest: your lodging is prepared; but, before you depart, make choice of any of us you like best to be your companion.

I answered, that I was unable to make any choice, since they were all equally beautiful, witty, and worthy of my respects and service; and I would not be guilty of so much incivility as to prefer one before another. The same lady answered, We assure you, that the good fortune of her whom you choose shall cause no jealousy; for we are agreed among ourselves, that every one of us shall have the same honour, till it go round; and when forty days are past, to

begin again: therefore make your free choice.

I was obliged to yield to their persuasions, and offered my hand to the lady that spoke: she, in return, gave me hers, and we were conducted to a sumptuous apartment, where they left us; and then every one retired.

I was scarce dressed next morning, when all the other thirty-nine ladies came into my chamber, all in other dresses than they had the day before. They bade me good-morrow, and inquired after my health; after that they carried me to a bagnio, where they washed me themselves, and, whether I would or no, served me in everything I stood in need of.

In short, not to weary you with repetitions, I must tell you that I continued a whole year among those forty ladies, and received them one after another; and during all the time of this voluptuous life, we met not with the least kind of trouble.

When the year was expired, I was strangely surprised, that these forty ladies, instead of appearing with their usual cheerfulness, to ask me how I did, entered one morning into my chamber all in tears. They embraced me with great tenderness, one after another, saying Adieu, dear prince, adieu! for we must leave you.

Their tears affected me: I prayed them to tell me the reason of their grief, and of the separation they spoke of.

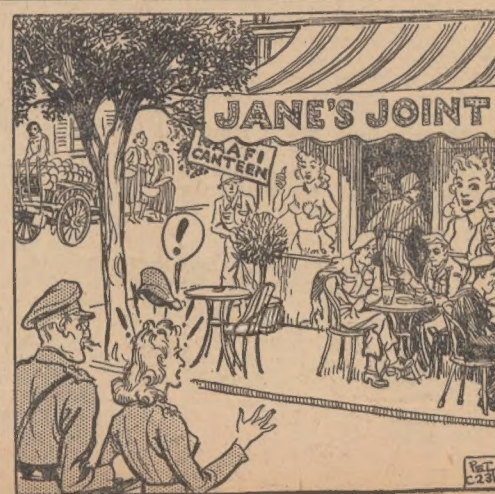
## WANGLING WORDS 401

1. Put hullabaloo in CS and get something with feet.
2. Rearrange the following letters to make four rulers of England: NESTHEP, WORM-CELL, DIRRHAC, RITACIVO.
3. In the following three flowers the same numbers stand for the same letters throughout: what are they? 2U5863971, 9466863971, P452Y.
4. Find the two hidden film stars in: I really had to laugh to-night, for as I put a match to my cigar, both exploded.

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 400

1. RESCUE.
2. STOCKHOLM, PRETORIA, MELBOURNE, COLOMBO.
3. Brass, Iron, Lead, Tin, Spelter.
4. Cur-rant, P-each.

## JANE



## The THOUSAND and ONE NIGHTS



Instead of returning a direct answer, Would to God, said they, we had never seen or known you! Several gentlemen have honoured us with their company before you; but never one of them had that sweetness, that pleasantness of humour and merit which you have: we know not how to live without you. After they had spoken these words, they began to weep bitterly. My dear ladies, said I, be so kind as not to keep me in suspense any more. Tell me the cause of your sorrow.

O, then, said one of them, to satisfy you, we must acquaint you that we are all princesses, daughters of kings: we live here together in such a manner as you have seen; but at the end of every year we are obliged to be absent forty days upon indispensable duties, which we are not permitted to reveal; afterwards we return again to this castle. Yesterday was the last of the year, and we must leave you this day, which is the cause of our grief.

Before we depart, we will leave you the keys of every thing, especially those belonging to the hundred doors, where you will find enough to satisfy your curiosity, and to sweeten your solitude during our absence: but for your own welfare, and our particular concern in you, we recommend unto you to forbear opening the golden door.

I promised myself not to forget the important advice they had given me, nor to open the golden door; but as I was permitted to satisfy my curiosity in every thing else, I took the first of the keys of the other doors, which were hung in good order.

I opened the first door, and came into an orchard, which I believe the universe could not equal: I could not imagine that any thing could surpass it, but that which our religion promises us after death: the symmetry, the neatness, and admirable order of the trees, the abundance and diversity of a thousand unknown fruits, their freshness and beauty ravished my sight.

I could never be weary of looking at and admiring so sweet a place; and I should never have left it, had I not conceived a greater idea of the other things I had not seen. I went out at last with my mind filled with those wonders: I shut the door, and opened the next.

Instead of an orchard, I found a flower-garden, which was no less extraordinary in its kind: it contained a spacious plot, not watered so profusely as the former, but with greater nicety, furnishing no more water than just what each flower required. Nothing could be

more delicious than the fragrant smell of this garden.

I opened the third door, where I found a large aviary, paved with marble of several fine colours that were not common.

I opened the fatal door which I had promised not to meddle with; and had not moved my foot to go in, when a smell that was pleasant enough, but contrary to my constitution, made me faint away: nevertheless, I came to myself again; and, instead of taking this warning to shut the door, and forbear satisfying my curiosity, I went in, after I had stood some time in the air to carry off the scent, which did not incommode me any more.

Among a great many objects that engaged my attention, I perceived a black horse of the handsomest and best shape that ever was seen. I went nearer, the better to observe him, and found he had a saddle and bridle of massy gold, curiously wrought. The one side of his trough was filled with clean barley and sesseems, and the

other with rose-water. I took him by the bridle, and led him forth to view him by the light: I got upon his back, and would have had him move; but he not stirring, I whipped him with a switch, and he had no sooner felt the stroke, than he began to neigh with a horrible noise; and extending his wings, which I had not seen before, he flew up with me into the air quite out of sight.

Without giving me any time to get off, he shook me out of the saddle, with such force, that he made me fall behind him, and with the end of his tail struck out my right eye.

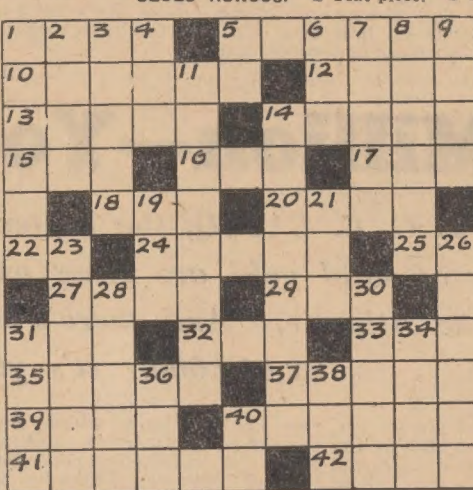
Thus I became blind of one eye. The third calender having finished this relation of his adventures, Zobeide addressed her speech to him and his fellow-calenders thus: Go wherever you think fit; you are at liberty.

As soon as they were in the street the caliph said to his grand vizier: Bring these three ladies to my court to-morrow.

(To be continued)

## CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Flat piece. 5 Defined. 10 Discourse.



CLUES DOWN. 1 Rays of light. 2 Companionless. 3 Surrounded by. 4 Offer. 5 Close to. 6 Completely. 7 Sort of. 8 Dominion. 9 Profound. 11 Extend. 14 Glitters. 19 Animal. 21 Professional pay. 23 Draw out. 26 Works into shape. 28 Perfume. 30 Orb. 31 Pet notions. 34 Way of thinking. 36 Upholstery fabric. 38 Slight blow. 40 That's.

- 12 Tree.
- 13 Positive pole.
- 14 Slant.
- 15 Marsh.
- 16 Pile.
- 17 Edge.
- 18 Silence.
- 20 A distance.
- 22 Compass point.
- 24 Depot.
- 25 Printer's measure.
- 27 Whip.
- 29 Cask.
- 31 Tree.
- 32 Fish.
- 33 Cover.
- 35 Nut.
- 37 Gnaw away.
- 39 Part of dollar.
- 40 Girl's name.
- 41 Quality of fibre.
- 42 Vegetables.

CAB SOLON M  
ANYHOW WADE  
PI OLEANDER  
MUSING ICE  
VAPID ORRIS  
ELSE EGO ST  
X TRIM DAI  
EVA RUB SOW  
DIRGE OPINE  
STANDARD I  
JASPER YEAR

## QUIZ for today

1. A shogun is a Japanese military chief, small pistol firing blank cartridges, fish, drink, a smart advertisement?
2. What is the proper name for (a) a sea-pig or sea-cow, (b) sea-crow, (c) sea-eagle, (d) sea-hog?
3. Who was the first king of all England?
4. What and where is the Llanos?
5. In what game do we say "28, and 3's a gate"?
6. Rearrange the following pairs correctly: Kenway and Hobbs, Olson and Debenham, Victoria and Young, Albert and Freebody, Arding and Johnson.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 461

1. Bung.
2. Auk is a sea-bird; orc is a grampus.
3. Egg-case of a skate.
4. Richard Cromwell.
5. An arid plateau in South-east Brazil.
6. Pando.



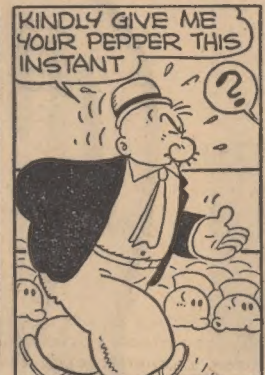
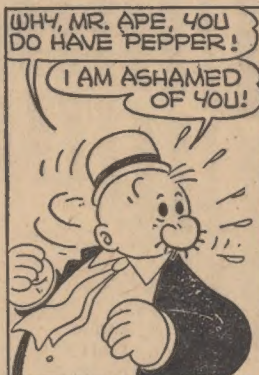
## BEELZEBUB JONES



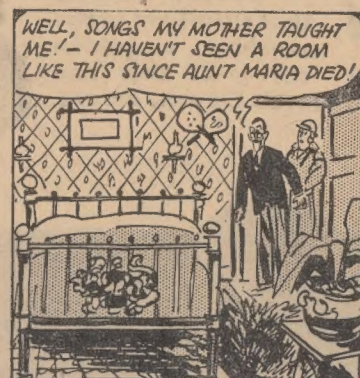
## BELINDA



## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## Just Fancy—

By Odo Drew

THIS week I must attend to some neglected correspondence. A propos of which may I remind correspondents to enclose, in the case of men, a few clothing coupons, and, in the case of women, a recent photograph?

The first letter is from a C.E.R.A., who signs himself "Doubtful." He writes: Dear Mr. Drew, I shall be very grateful if you can help me in the following matter. At a recent meeting of our Study Circle, the question of "Fairies" was brought up. I said I believed in them. All the others present laughed, and asked if I had ever seen one. I had to acknowledge that I had not, but that I knew people who had. The reply to this was that I was credulous and that people should only believe in what they know or can see or can prove. Is this right?

Well, "Doubtful," if we only believed what we really knew—what we could ourselves actually prove—life would wear a very different aspect. Not many of us have ever been to Tristan da Cunha, and yet we believe that such a place exists. None of us has ever seen or is ever likely to see Henry the Eighth or his wives, but we all believe in their existence years ago.

I imagine that all your friends believe in vitamins, though I doubt if any one of them ever saw even a solitary vitamin. We are nearly all satisfied that the moon is just under 300,000 miles from the earth, and few of us are disposed to dispute the assertion that the earth is 92,900,000-odd miles distant from the sun. And will members of your Study Circle deny that Julius Caesar landed in Britain in 55 B.C., or that there was once a sailor named Columbus?

The greater part of our knowledge is, of course, taken from hearsay from the spoken or the written word. Civilised life would be impossible unless we assumed that people were, on the whole, truthful. So much has to be taken "on trust," as it were. That is why we writers have such a responsibility that we have no right to be journalists or authors unless we feel a definite "call."

I have, personally, been made to feel very humble and proud by the grateful letters received from my readers, thanking me for the new outlook, the broader vision, the wider horizon they have gained from my contributions to "Good Morning."

Only in one case was there a suggestion that I was an unreliable guide, and this came from a man who could not—or would not—believe that I (or indeed any of my colleagues) wrote because we felt impelled to give others the benefit of our knowledge and experience, and not because we "made a living" thereby. A moment's thought should be sufficient to convince all but the most ignorant and prejudiced that if our chief aim in life were comfort, ease and affluence, we should not be serving you in our present positions, but would be occupying good jobs in some Ministry, making hay while the sun shone and letting others make it for us when the weather was rainy.

But do not despair, "Doubtful." Of course there are fairies. Can more than three million Irishmen be wrong?

And now here is a note from Leading Wren Marigold Pansy, whose home is in Balmigam. Marigold, who kindly encloses a very attractive photo of herself in the swimming pool at Erdington, asks if there is any truth in the story of Samson and Delilah. She is disturbed because a young P.O. whom she was shortly to marry has had his head shaved. He says it is because of the hot weather, but she suspects a plot by a blonde W.A.A.F. to wreck the marriage.

I suggest that Marigold sends me a stamped addressed envelope, and I will write her, as I can hardly discuss the matter in public. Better still, I could meet her any time she can come to town, for I feel that this is a case for a personal interview. I am free any week-end, Marigold. I may keep the photo, mayn't I?

A third letter comes from Admiral Fowle Mowthe. He says: I am 83 and retired from the Navy in 1889, but I am still full of fun and energy, at least, so my fourth wife, whom I married a few months ago, states.

I have made a life study of rams, and recently submitted to the Admiralty, suggestions for a new type super ironclad, designed for ramming enemy vessels. I had merely a curt acknowledgment. Do you think I should be unpatriotic if I offered the idea to the Americans?

I met several in the South Seas in the early 80's, and I found them in many ways not unenterprising, if somewhat gauche.

The gallant old sea-hound could not do better. He should write to Sam Goldwyn Esq., who is always receptive to new ideas.

The last letter to-day is an appeal from "four jolly sailormen," who ask for names, addresses and photos of "pen friends." I have forwarded the communication to the Secretary of the Teetotalitarian Society, members of which are for the most part elderly spinsters. Here, I feel sure, these jolly sailormen will find an admirable opportunity of indulging their altruistic desire to bring brightness into the lives of others.



Good  
Morning



***This England*** A wooded hillside that slumbers in the sunshine, a golden beach on which Atlantic combers curl — all this and Devon, too — for it's Lynton, lovely North Devon, resort.



"Don't you believe a word she says. She's making it up as she goes along, the artful minx!"



While Mistress takes a dip, Whiskey guards her clothes. Where are they? In the bag, of course.



**OUR CAT SIGNS OFF**

"'Scuse my back but this is interesting."



Tight-laced doesn't mean the same as strait-laced, as Grandpapa could tell you — as though you'd need to ask him.